

PANEGYRICK

T O HIS EXCELLENCY

RICHARD *Earl of* TIRCONNELL.

By ALBERTUS WARREN.

Rise Muse ! and quickly too ; for all delay
Looks like a sudden crime, Time slides away :
The Tritons smile, and Neptune has convey'd
Our Prince, for whom we passionately pray'd.
Dress not thy Lines in painted florid stuff,
Sto'n from the Antients Store : Thanks are enough
For Heaven. 'Tis dangerous these Critick days
To steer 'twixt Flattery and deserved Praise.
He, who, between those two Points, truly knows
To sail, securely like a Workman Rows.
Least Tiling, and too rudely, unaware, }
I step too far ; Wisdom consists with Fear, }
Which made the Gods at first, as some men say,
Whom to adore ; Man's Reason taught the way.
So, Catholick I am, I boldly dare
Think Ireland's Angel truly Tutelar.
Did Royal JAMES inspire, in giving Power
To brave TIRCONNELL in a happy hour :
The Guilty only are surpris'd to see
His due Reward for constant Loyalty.
Such a commanding Presence does reside
In him, 'tis wholly Natural, not Pride.
Cyphers when added (tho' alone appear
For Nought) advance the Sum, the Figure's here ;
And so significant, that I dare say,
None will uneasie be who will obey.
'Tis Virtue solely which secures the Just ;
Men must suspect those whom they dare not trust,
But his brave Soul cannot at all despise
Those Converts, which in season will be wise.
The bravest Men when they have greatest Might,
By Condescension often conquer Spite.

He that's above all Censure fears no thrust
From Emulation, nor from vulgar Dust.
Trees shaken by the loud tempestuous Wind,
Surer fixation radically find !
He's barbarously void of *Christian Sence*,
Who questions oft *Protected Innocence*
Ev'n to a Miracle, by friendly, *Jove*,
'Tis the Heart only makes Heaven prone to Love.
Cowards are most vindictive ; Frauds reside
In narrow Breasts ; the Antient Martyrs dy'd ;
As *Stoicall*, as *Brutus* ; the pretence
Of dark and young *passive Obedience*
Was angry Calvin's Forge : Give me the pure
And willing Duty, that will Peace assure.
We're blest with one in this auspicious day,
Who knows as well to Govern as Obey.
Long may he live and wield the Sword, and then,
(When Canoniz'd) enjoy a lasting Pen :
Mean time, what's here in Wit defective, I
With future awful Rev'rence will supply :
He who misguided fails in time to do
The like, is impious and lilly too ;
For sure good Subjects are oblig'd to bring
Respects for him, so honour'd by the King :
A King to whom no mortal man denies
The Character of *Valiant, Good, and Wise* ;
The best of Friends, in whom does fully shine
The mature Glory of the *Norman Line*.
For him succeeding Chronicles shall raise
Worthy Memoires, and Pyramids of Praise.

DUBLIN:

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